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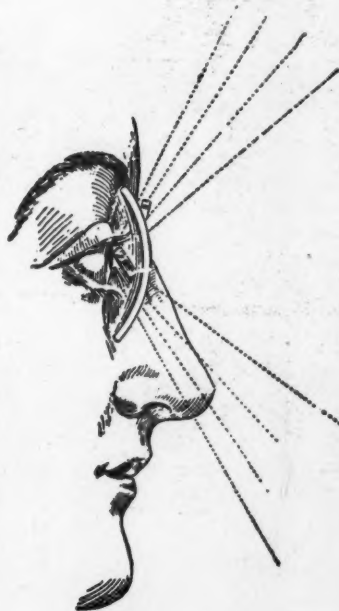
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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Looking Before and After

By W. M. R.

WHAT do the election returns mean? No one knows exactly. They seem to mean that the country is pretty nearly Democratic; nearly enough so to carry Congress for that party. Democratic, let us say, and not radical.

See New York, where the whole State ticket pulled through except its head, Mr. Hearst. It looks as if Mr. Hearst went too far in his radicalism, or at least that his method of advocacy of radical reform was too violent. And as the editor of the MIRROR is himself a radical, may he not say, without suspicion of prejudice, that Mr. Bryan's precipitation of an undigested scheme for federal ownership of railroads hurt the Democratic campaign more than it helped? When Kansas is barely saved to Republicanism, and Missouri is almost lost to Democracy, may it not be intimated that a little less Bryan and a little less Hearst, would have carried Kansas and redeemed Missouri—admitting even the controlling or dominating influence in both States of local issues. Massachusetts was carried by Curtis Guild against Moran, certainly not because Massachusetts wished to reverse itself as to free trade after practically voting for it in the person of Gov. Douglass, but rather because of the almost incendiary blatherskiting of Moran, a dependent of Hearst.

The people appear to be against the Trusts in so far as Trusts are tyrannical, uneconomically adjusted to conditions, or openly predacious, but not in favor of those who would make indiscriminate war upon prosperity or the stability of business conditions. The Democratic leaders, Bryan, Hearst, Moran and others, appear to have struck the people as but other frenzies asking to be substituted for "frenzied finance." Scratching Democrats appear to have been the deciding element in last week's elections. All the scratchers were not Trust dependents even if all Trust dependents or beneficiaries were scratchers or bolters.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst appear to have been condemned together. The MIRROR cannot see that one comes out of the great affray any better off than the other. And yet there is no particular honor in the outcome for the President—at least, not as much as he anticipated. He did not defeat Hearst. Democrats defeated Hearst. And Democrats elected all the associate candidates with Hearst. The country is Democratic. It believes in President Roosevelt, but not in the Republican party.

What then? It seems that the Democracy must fix its purpose in a programme and commit its destiny to measures and men that will not affright the people. What at once suggests itself is modified Free Trade. A war on the tariff as a privilege to the few and a tax on the many would seem to be the obvious way of striking at the root evil of Trusts. Another plank of a platform that would win universal support would be, not new laws to curb Trusts, but the enforcement of the laws already on the books. It is doubtful if the people will favor the income tax when they understand that it is a tax on a man's earning power, a penalty on ability, and that it does not necessarily

or even generally get at that which ought to be taxed—the community values appropriated, forestalled and engrossed by men and corporations. A man should not pay taxes on what he himself earns, but on what the collective effort of his fellow men earns for him. The fight on the tariff would be a fight that would enlist all the advocates of all the reforms that strike at privilege. It would not be a fight upon industries as such, and yet it would strike all the wrongs that make for monopoly and extortion. Tariff reform and law enforcement—there is the platform, the battle cry.

As to the man to stand on such a platform. He mustn't have too many other extreme ideas or projects political in the back of his head. He must not be a candidate who has been twice defeated. He must be a Democrat standing on middle ground between Wall street and wild-eyed revolutionism. He should stand for the old Democratic doctrine, be a man known as putting such doctrine in practice, not a Democratic with subterranean connections with interests private as opposed to public. He should come from a doubtful State. He should be nationally known. He should be innocent of clique or clan in national affairs, without great enemies or discreditable friends. The MIRROR thinks that neither Mr. Bryan nor Mr. Hearst fills the bill. It cannot see that Tom Johnson answers the description either, or Carter Harrison. There is only one Democrat of National note in the country who seems to meet the requirements.

That's Folk, of Missouri.

As for the situation in the Republican party it looks now as if President Roosevelt is not likely to be pressed to run again. The President has done his work. He has shown how that work may be continued. The President does not want another term. The people are showing signs of seeing that other men can follow up the Roosevelt lead. The war on lawless wealth is on in a dozen places. There are good men leading the fight.

Vice-President Fairbanks and Secretary Shaw are not seriously considered as aspirants to the Presidential nomination. Root is in the down-and-out club. Remains Mr. William H. Taft. An able man, but—But what? Too much of a messenger boy. Too much of an imitator of Roosevelt. Too "all round," without the "Teddy" initiative and spontaneity. Somehow, while Taft is popular he doesn't catch on in quite the proper way.

These out, who then? Uncle Joe Cannon. He's closer to the people, with his roughness, his hard-shellism, his leaning toward the *status quo*, and all his other faults, than any other man likely to be considered, except Roosevelt. He comes from Illinois—and he looks like Lincoln in ways other than physical, in things other than his Rabelaisian speech. Cannon has courage as well as salty words. And he's clean in record. But for his age he would have led the other possibilities long ago in a straw vote on any train.

Besides Cannon there's Hughes, of New York. But Hughes has yet to make good—not only with the party leaders—who like him now not overmuch—but with the people.

How Pollard Fights the Demon Rum

By W. M. R.

THE Honorable William Jefferson Pollard, whom we know as "Jeff," Judge of the Second District Police Court, is making more of a sensation in Great Britain and Ireland than any traveling Missourian—including Dave Francis and Bud Dozier—ever made before. The English papers are peppered with paragraphs about Jeff—paragraphs and photographs. For "Jeff" is over there as the propagandist of an idea, and if his idea is right, he will live in history with Theobald Matthew, John B. Gough and Francis Murphy as a helpful friend of the human race. He has a "drink cure," or, perhaps, it were better to say, a "drunk cure." He is hailed with delight in Scotland, where drink is the great national evil solely because Robert Burns was a gauger, and wrote "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Mau't," and some other good tunes and terms for toss-pots. The press of Edinburg, Glasgow and Aberdeen come to this office with heavy black marks on them around the items about "Jeff." Papers also come from Helsingfors, Rome, Madrid, Munich and Calcutta, sent by MIRROR readers who in those far off places, have come upon items concerning "Jeff." So that the world may be said to be interested in the Judge, though it can never love him, as we do, enough to call him "Jeff."

For three years, as some of us know, and some of us don't, until we get thousands of miles from home, he has been judge of the Second District Police Court, and during that time he has been suspending sentence on men convicted of drunkenness by setting them at liberty if they are willing to sign the pledge. This new method of treating drunkards inaugurated by Judge Pollard, has, it is stated, proved a decided success, not more than two per cent of the cases to whom the opportunity to reform has been given having violated their promises. Victims of the drink habit who have lost all self-control are, of course, punished in the usual way, but on persons of decent reputation who have yielded to temptation the Judge, after conviction, imposes a sentence of a fine or imprisonment. A pledge is then offered to the person, and if he agrees to sign it he is ordered to report himself to the court once a week during the time the sentence runs. It is stated that the new method has now been adopted in many other courts in America with equally gratifying results. This probation system is enthusiastically approved by many temperance and total-abstinence societies in the United Kingdom, and, of course, in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, where they are beginning to apply it as a sort of balance to a law which, in those countries punishes the saloon keeper or liquor seller when his customer gets drunk.

We would not dispute Judge Pollard's word in this matter, but the figures he gives do not seem credible. Two per cent of backsliders seems miraculously small. Ninety-eight per cent of cases that stick seems miraculously large. We do not think that ninety-eight per cent of the people who join the Knights of Father Mathew, or the Sons of Temperance or any of the Total Abstinence Societies from Spitzenbergen to Van Dieman's Land stick to their pledge in this way. It may be that Judge Pollard has concealed in or on his person some hypnotic force that makes the cured stay cured. Maybe he applies, all unconsciously, suggestive therapeutics, if he be not the self-immolated victim of "terminological

inexactitude." The stay-of-execution on condition of sobriety has never been so efficacious before in all the history of the world. Fear of the jail, or even of want and illness has never been so effective. Men have got drunk even though they lost wife, children, friends and fortunes, by doing so. The fact is that the only cure for drunkenness—the only real cure—is to find a motive for sobriety stronger than the desire for drink. The writer of this paragraph knows a man who became a total abstainer and remains so, after many years, solely to spite a person who spoke of him as a drunkard, but there are cases of drunkenness that have been proof against love, avarice, ambition, hate. Intense religious faith even cannot keep some men from drink, though they know that drink means drunkenness, and a whole category of mortal sins, to them. The physicians know that men of fine minds and of strong moral purpose in other respects, have fought vainly against the appetite for liquor and killed themselves to escape the slavery they could not otherwise throw off. So there must be something in the Pollard method that no other man has ever found, if the facts be as he says. Thousands of police justices have tried to keep men and women sober by staying fines and threatening heavier penalty for future offenses. They have confessed failure. Judge Pollard says he has the secret. If he has, it is too bad that he cannot impart it to others.

And yet, even if the Judge's figures are wrong, even if 98 per cent backslide, and only two per cent "stick on the water wagon," as a result of his system, he has done well. Drunkenness is the worst vice in the world because it lays hold as if by preference upon the bright, the generous, the noble, the kindly sons and daughters of men. Anything that breaks this hold is good. Any man who devotes himself to trying to break such a tyranny over mind and soul, is worthy of all honor.

There is only one sure way whereby men can be sure of being sober. That is not to drink what will make one drunk. If Judge Pollard's pledge system can keep people from drinking, it is a better cure for drunkenness than all the laws that ever were passed. For a law will keep no one sober or virtuous in any way. It is all up to the man himself. If we can "brace" the man so he can master himself and his appetites, by such moral suasion as Judge Pollard employs, it is well. It is also about the limit of our power in this regard. As for drinking, as distinguished from drunkenness, it is good for man, on the whole. There are those who can control their appetites. There should be no denial of their pleasure, because their brothers cannot stop at the second or third glass. The weak should not rule the strong. Because we are virtuous—by necessity, mostly,—shall there be no more cakes and ale? Judge Pollard's temperance or abstinence system has this merit, that it makes the drunkard save himself, even through fear of the rock-pile. This is the essence of all reform—that each man shall reform himself. It will keep him so busy he will have no time to make a nuisance of himself by trying to reform other people.

❖❖❖

MISSOURI's able, upright, but frosty son, Ethan Allen Hitchcock, is going to resign the secretaryship of the Interior, in March. The Administration will miss him, even if he never did play to the grand stand and never did condescend to work the press for fulsome fame. Missouri has given to the country no more sincerely devoted servant than Mr. Hitchcock. He has punished more thieves, stopped more graft than any other officer of the National Government. When he comes home he should be tendered some evidence of his fellow Missourians' appreciation of his work.

Reflections

"The Plot to Raise Wages"

THE big interests, to pacify public discontent, are raising wages and salaries. Good, as far as it goes, but that is not what is needed. The people want not only a wage to enable them to meet their increased living expenses. They want their share in the vast wealth of the big interests. They want the part of that wealth that they—the people—created. They want their money that the government has bestowed upon the interests by way of tariffs, franchises, etc. They want the value that attaches to the vast properties by reason of the existence of the public near them. They don't want it directly. They want it taxed into the public treasury. They don't even want that—when you come right down to it. All they want is that there shall be no giving of any of the publicly created wealth to anyone. They want no man favored under any law over others. They want no bestowal of rights on private persons to tax the many. They want a square deal, everyone to have what his ability commands, but they don't recognize as ability to be rewarded with wealth, mere cunning or daring in taking of public wealth for private use. Destroy special favor under the laws and there will be equal opportunity. Raising wages is commendable, of course, but the men who raise wages thus can lower them. What is needed is justice under the laws. When we have it there will be no "masters of the bread," because there will be no possible monopoly of the means and instrumentalities whereby the bread may be earned. Destroy monopoly in land and all other monopolies totter to their fall. Free the land to use and then all men can live without paying toll to others for the right to produce wealth. Wages indicate dependency, at present, especially when we note the condescending tone of the big interests when they concede a raise. Let the people have the land and they will make the wages right. Concessions from the great beneficiaries of privilege only give back a small portion of the common wealth they have grabbed under forms of perverted law. What the masses of men want is justice, not charity. They want their rights in the land, in the national wealth, and they do not want it sieved back to them like the prize money on ships of old strained through a ladder, and what stuck to the rungs belonged to the sailors. A concerted plan to raise wages is only a tub to the whale. The people want all the wealth they create, not a pittance flung to them to keep them quiet. They want their own lives free of servitude to others, their own opportunities, the profit of their own toil and the day approaches when they will be content with nothing else. "The land for the people!"

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THE dubs and the grafters are blaming Folk for the defeat of their brand of Democracy in St. Louis. Had it not been for Folk the Democrats would have lost the State. Folk is the only asset left to the Missouri Democracy. The returns show this.

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To End the House of Lords

COMPULSORY religious education during a part of each school day has been added as an amendment in the Lords to the British Government's Education bill. This amendment knocks out the life of the bill, as passed in the Commons, which prohibited religious instruction in the national or board schools. The Nonconformists of England and Wales supported the Liberal party in the last election on the plank of such prohibition. It was as much a factor, almost, in that great campaign as Free Trade or as the immunizing

of Labor Union funds from action for damages by employers injured by strikes. The Education bill goes back, amended, to the Commons. There the amendment will be stricken out, and the original bill sent back. It will be amended again. Lords and Commons will deadlock upon it. The question is whether, then, the Liberal government will dissolve parliament and appeal to the country. It was thought likely that Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman might create enough new peers to give him a majority in the upper house for this bill, or even introduce in the Commons a measure to end or mend the upper chamber. Campbell-Bannerman cannot submit to the Lords in this matter without losing the Nonconformist support, since the Nonconformists object to being taxed for religious instruction of the Established Church, in the public schools. They are now taxed twice: for schools in which there is no sectarian instruction; for schools in which there is Church of England instruction. Doubtless, upon appeal to the country, Campbell-Bannerman could win on the strength of the Nonconformist vote, but he might not "win big," as we say over here, and this would leave him dependent upon the support of the Laborite and Irish Nationalist wings of his majority. Both these wings are showing symptoms of insurgency. Therefore the ministry is determined, apparently, to bring to an issue before the country the question of doing away with the House of Lords. To this end labor legislation and tentative Home Rule legislation are to be put up to the Lords. The Lords will reject the labor union exemption measure, and Home Rule measures, too. Then the Ministry can go to the country against the Lords with the full support of its *omnium gatherum* constituencies, of middle and lower class interests. If the Lords turn down the masses, the masses will probably be asked to end the Lords, making Education, Labor and Home Rule secondary considerations to the great democratic movement to abolish hereditary legislators. England feels even more resentfully towards the House of Lords than we feel towards the Senate. The end of the "medieval absurdity of a hereditary chamber" seems to be at hand. "There are things that a great and enlightened nation in the twentieth century will not stand, and one is to see its deliberate purposes foiled by an annex of the Carlton Club."

♦♦

SENATOR STONE looks like a man who is done up as to re-election. The gang that has been professing friendship for him has gone over to Dave Francis. The late Mr. Hawes said just before his demise: "Stone is a dead one. Don't put me in his pile." This is for the information of Senator Stone.

♦♦

To Save the Jews

No suggestion has been of more value as a possible mitigation of some of the horrors of the *Judenhetze* in Russia, than that the United States should insist upon the security from affront, injury and slaughter of those Jews bearing with them the passports of this country. The United States should protect its citizens everywhere. It should hold Russia to account for those Jews massacred who come from the United States and for every one of the Jews returned to Russia who have become citizens of this country. This country can take as firm a stand on this, at least, as it took some years since against Germany's claim of the right to exact military service of returned natives of Germany who had become citizens of the United States. Of course this country would be in better shape to make such assertion and insistence if it had always guaranteed protection to the natives of other countries here, as in Colorado

to the Chinese, as in Louisiana, to the Italians, but notwithstanding the *tu quoque*, our complaint might evoke, this country should insist that its citizens be given the full protection of the law in Russia and elsewhere. At least, we can say to a country that protests against our lynchings and massacres that the sufferers were the victims of lawless mobs in no way related to the government, but in Russia the "pogroms" are generally started and fiendishly finished with the secret connivance, if not the open and notorious participation, of government officials. It is said that many Jewish-Russian-Americans have suffered in the "pogroms" from Kisheneff to Siedlce, and that some of them were slain in despite of their showing that they were Americans. It ill becomes the United States to stand such things from Russia, when we are so ready to demand reparation and threaten summary action against Turkey or Spain or Venezuela. Here's a fine place for a demonstration by President Roosevelt, when he shall have returned from Panama. We should stand up for Americanized Jews in Russia with all the spunk that characterized Blaine's demand that the right of Americanized Irishmen be not invaded by England when such Irishmen were suspected of doing the work that was assigned to "the men in the gap" in the furtherance of the programme of the "skirmishing fund."

♦♦

IF Mr. Jephtha Howe must talk, let him talk to himself. Talking to reporters is literally sowing the wind. A real big political leader never talks. He is always a "silent man." This tip to "Jep" is friendly, rather than otherwise.

♦♦♦

The Sword

TO J. G.

By Wilbur Underwood

NO earth-god, sun-god he adored,
In vain the moon her green light poured;
He gazed with fierce eyes on his sword.

Beside the blue steel, keen and slim,
All other love grew poor and dim,
And wanton charms were naught to him;

But when the bright steel met his eyes,
They flamed with ardent soft replies,
His soul thrilled as at bugle-cries.

More lissome than a gypsy girl,
With sheen more beautiful than pearl,
Its beauty made his head to whirl.

Its supple length no strain could break,
Its quivering splendor of a snake,
With strange pain made his heart to ache.

Like cold eyes false and bright of hue
Of some loved woman proved untrue
Fine bluish gleams it glittering threw

Whene'er the barren love he bore
Could bear the wild control no more
And sea-like burst its barrier shore,

In pained caress, as madness could,
Poured all his passion in a flood,
The murderous steel replied with blood.

Each touch left there a bleeding trace;
Blood for each kiss and mad embrace,
Blood on his breast and on his face.

One day, a smile his lips athwart,
As one who plays a glorious part,
He drove it hilt-high in his heart.

Longevity in Missouri

MISSOURI is productive of long-lived celebrities. John B. Henderson, Senator from Missouri from 1862 to 1869, is living in Washington, eighty years of age. Francis M. Cockrell, whose twenty years' service as Senator from Missouri ended last year, is now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission and is seventy-two years of age. Daniel T. Jewett, ex-Senator from Missouri and a well-known attorney in Lincoln's time, died a short time ago, aged ninety-nine. Carl Schurz, Senator from Missouri from 1869 to 1875, died recently at seventy-seven. There's something in the Missouri climate that gives tenacity to humans, even as it gives toughness to the Missouri mule. Senator Vest, who was another long-lived Missourian, once said that conditions for longevity were so favorable here that on Judgment Day many of our old inhabitants would be standing around waiting to be shot. But maybe the calm of existence will lessen the life span of Missouri's sons now that the old commonwealth is fixed as a doubtful State.

♦♦

CHARLES E. HUGHES, Governor of New York, has a great opportunity to lift his party out of the clutch of its great thieves. The party leaders accepted him as nominee under protest. They did nothing for him. He was elected by bolting Democrats. Therefore he can act unembarrassed against the influences controlling the leaders.

♦♦

Hearst's Service

THE best thing yet about Mr. Hearst is the manner in which he has taken his defeat for Governor of New York. His manner and attitude show that he has been chastened into poise and dignity, to some extent. In some respects his loss of the election is a tribute to his character and qualities. He was beaten by the devotes of privilege. The influences that Root spoke for—the corporationist grafters—were strong enough to slaughter him in his own party. But for all that, Hearst deserves well of his fellow citizens. In so far as Hughes is a good man, Hearst is responsible for his nomination. Hearst's campaign will force Hughes to action against predatory corporationism. Hearst's campaign was a god-send, if it did nothing more than bring about the circumstances that forced him to strip Elihu Root bare and expose the brands of shame upon him. Theodore Roosevelt will have to rid himself of Root. It is doubtful if the country will be tolerant of his adherence to Root as it was of his defense of Morton against indisputable evidence of turpitude.

♦♦

SOME day we shall be rejoiced to see Mr. Circuit Attorney Sager as titanically busy against the bucket-shops as he was against election thieves on November 6th last. Two hours of such strenuousness as Mr. Sager gave all day to obstructing vicarious voting in the Fourth Ward would close up the Cella Commission Company's dump and keep it closed.

♦♦

Five Months Hence

FIVE months from now St. Louis will have to elect half a Council and a whole House of Delegates. There's talk of nominating none but prominent citizens. That's bad. Prominent citizens are not necessarily the best citizens. Prominent citizens are not representative. Prominent citizens are usually tied up with special privileged interests. Prominent citizens may mean Big Cinch. What we want in our municipal legislature is citizens representing all kinds of people. It is not too early to begin to watch out for political schemes

to pack the Council and House of Delegates against any one desirous of curbing Big Cinch control of the city. The prominent citizen scheme won't do. We want no highly respectable rogues in the Municipal Assembly.

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FOLK may be President. He can be Senator. How the heathen rage!

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Fate of the Free Bridge.

WE understand that one of our most eminent free-bridgers, Mr. L. C. Irvine, is convinced that the best thing for the city to do is to build the free bridge at the foot of Poplar street for the use of the railroads in the Terminal Association, and then he will furnish the finances for a sufficient addition to terminal facilities to handle the traffic on this side of the river. Mr. Irvine evidently regards the \$3,500,000 voted for a free bridge as a sort of bonus to the railroads to give us better service, and he's willing to get up a company to take care of the bonus. The free bridge proposition is becoming tremendously muddled, and nowhere more muddled than in the minds of some of the more eminent free-bridgers. Some of these folks seem to think that a bridge can be built under an ordinance that will give over the enterprise to certain gentlemen not identified with the city administration. This is impossible. The bridge must be built by or under the direction of city officials, in order to be legally built. A great deal of time and worry would be saved if a new bridge commission were created with a view to decide where, when, and how to erect a bridge and to recommend an ordinance under which the work could be pushed ahead without the entanglements at present existing. The bridge won't solve the rate question. The rate question won't be solved except by the Interstate Commerce Commission, as the conditions complained of are due to the rules of the great trunk lines and are not exclusively local in origin. Competition here won't solve the difficulty, because the trunk lines are getting together rather than competing. A free bridge must be built to co-operate with the present terminals and connect with them, or else it must be a trolley and foot bridge. It must be decided which is necessary or most likely to benefit the city. This will not be decided as long as the free-bridgers proceed on the assumption that a free bridge will reduce rates across the river. The rates will stay as they are until the trunk lines get ready to lower them. No power will induce the trunk lines to do this, except the Interstate Commerce Commission. Maybe Mr. Irvine sees this and thinks it just as well to give the new bridge to the Terminal Association, if the Terminal Association will let him erect additional terminals on property to be condemned by the city. And of course the use of Mr. Irvine's terminals will have to be paid for. The free bridge will fall into the hands of the Terminal Association, and strengthen that cinch, if some of the most fervent free-bridgers are not closely watched.

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Hoch Adolphus!

ALL the joy of life is on tap for us St. Louisans in the good old Indian Summer time. It even brings home again good old Adolphus Busch, not quite so old as good, however. With his return and that of his wife many good causes that languished will revive with their renewal of practical personal interest in them. We have some good citizens, but none better than Adolphus Busch, and long may he wave—he and all his tribe.

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Honors for Mr. Purdy.

MR. LAWSON PURDY, single taxpayer, whose address, "An Elastic System of Taxation for Missouri" was printed in last week's MIRROR, has been appointed by

Mayor McClellan, President of the Department of Taxes and Assessments of the City of New York. The New York Times, in an editorial on the appointment says: "Mr. Purdy is an advocate and expositor of sound theories of taxation. His publications upon the subject have been written with remarkable clearness and convincing force. They have been reinforced by illustrations drawn from his long study of the subject. As Secretary of the New York Tax Reform Association, Mr. Purdy has labored with industry and diligence to get it into the heads of the people of New York that their present tax laws are outworn, defective, and unjust. The reputation he has won naturally led to his appointment by Gov. Higgins as a member of the State Special Tax Commission appointed to revise our tax laws." And now Mr. Purdy will be at the head and front of assessment and taxation in Gotham. Why is Mr. Purdy recognized as sound on taxation, even by the New York Times? Because he is a single taxpayer. When a New York Tribune reporter asked Mayor McClellan if the appointee was not a single taxpayer, he replied: "He is the same kind of a Democrat I am." Let us hope that McClellan is the same kind of a Democrat as Purdy. It is to be hoped also that Missouri's Tax Commissioners will take up Mr. Purdy's taxation scheme and apply it. Local option in taxation will go a long way toward removing inequalities in taxation. It will get at real values and it will exempt much property now unfairly assessed simply because it cannot be hidden. The honor shown to Mr. Purdy is one that will give heart to Single Taxers. He is in a place now where he can demonstrate the truth of the doctrine that the one thing to tax is the community value of men's possessions.

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Miss Murfree's "Amulet."

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK, otherwise Miss Mary N. Murfree, is said to be a St. Louis woman. About 1886 her stories of the Tennessee mountains were the vogue. They were marked by excellent depiction of character, some humor and a lush descriptiveness of natural scenery. She came after and was by some put in the same class with George W. Cable. Her "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" had a large free air about it that was palpitant with promise. Her short stories were good, feminized Bret Harte. "Playing Old Sledge at the Settlement" was almost of the Poker Flat genre. Her work since then has been tasteful, smooth, orderly, commendable but undistinguished, and now her latest story, "The Amulet" (Macmillan, New York), is on the book-stands. This, too, is smooth, easy, refined, but it doesn't make her people live as they lived in her first books. She sticks to her Tennessee locale, but goes back to prerevolutionary times and makes the tale a picture of women from Belgravia or Mayfair, on the frontier. It is a nice, calm story in which nothing much happens, in which the characters are conventionally presented, in which love has its way as against the designs of the ambitions. The story is a diluted bit of Fennimore Cooper. Some of the descriptive passages recall the earlier purple patches about the Great Smoky Mountains, but they recall them very much subdued in luxuriance. The incidents are decidedly deciduous. Indeed, the story is disappointing in its thinness, though the sketching in of the heroine discloses her as a very attractive girl, and her aunt or whatever relative she may be, is a somewhat amusing Gorgon. "The Amulet" is not notable for anything except the revelation that the finishing of the work atones for the lack of much substance in the subject matter. It is a good example of careful writing, but it is innocent of any penetrating quality. Pleasing it is, in a mild, suave sort of way, but it never once gets in to our emotional

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There is a foreword to the poem, by the publisher, Mr. William Marion Reedy; and the notes at the end indicate that one sonnet from the first edition had to be dropped from the regular sequence and another substituted, because an event since the writing of the poem that vetoed the sentiment of the author.

The book is bound in padded, dove-colored ooze, gilt top, title embossed in gold on front cover, enclosed in a neat box. The setting is worthy of the beauty of the poem. Price,

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recesses. Miss Murfree has but vaguely made felt the wildness of the atmosphere, the thrill of the situation in which she places her characters at Fort Prince George, surrounded by the restless Cherokees, and the story's denouement from a conventional collocation of difficulties is artificial, though, as we have said, well artficed. A book equally pleasurable in the reading, but unrememberable afterward.

❖❖

Emergency Currency

MESSRS. FESTUS J. WADE and Charles H. Huttig, St. Louis bankers, are pushing to formulation a scheme proposed by Mr. Huttig to authorize the 6,000 national banks of the country to issue an emergency currency to meet the varying requirements of different sections, that issue to be taxed on a sliding scale. The scheme seems to be feasible. It is at least feasible up to the point where the speculators absorb all the emergency currency issued by borrowing it on copiously inflated securities. Notwithstanding all his willingness to oblige, Secretary of the Treasury Shaw can't keep the Wall street gamblers supplied out of the government strong box. Steadily the manipulators engross and forestall the money supply to sell it to those who need it. Emergency circulation is a good idea for temporary relief, but no further. The way to stop stringencies is put down the brakes on the gambling borrowers in Wall street.

❖❖

Let 'Er Go

WHAT'S this about an ironclad Theatrical Trust? And who cares? No such trust can choke off the drama. If men write good plays they will be heard and seen, even if they have to be shown in barns or in the open fields. So far as dramatic art is con-

cerned, no trust can hurt it. We had better plays and better players when we or our fathers had nothing in the way of gorgeous scenic investiture or splendid ensemble. A placard, "This is Rome," or "This is Bohemia," was all the change of scene required. The glory of the language, the passion and skill of the player evoked the imagination of the audience to fill in the scenes in which the words were supposed to be spoken. With the rise of stage carpentry, gorgeous costumes, magical mechanical appliances and all that sort of thing, the glory of the drama has gone down. At the Globe Theater in Shakespeare's day the players were sometimes crowded off the stage almost by the lordlings sitting there. *Macbeth* came on and enacted his great part in the uniform of a Guardsman, even as late as Garrick's time. No one cares for the classic drama now. Even the resources of a Trust cannot revive it. If the Trust can kill the drama as it is getting to be, maybe it is just as well. The drama is becoming meaningless as art or literature. A star player is made in a year or less. Great actors are no more. Ditto as to great actresses. There are no audiences that ache for great drama or great interpretation any more. This is the age of rag-time, of the dialect comedian spitting in his partner's eye, of the slap-stick, of the nauseous problem. Who cares what becomes of such a drama, such a stage? The Trust might as well have it and keep it. If ever the drama should come to life again, not even a Trust shall be able to keep it down. If a great actor should come upon us he would be heard, even though he had to do his mumming in a vacant lot. The Trust will spread and spread, but it must break at last. It cannot enslave all the playwrights. It cannot enslave all the actors. As for theaters—the Trust may have them. When the Trust has reduced all stagedom to endless reduplications of der Rotchers brutters, there will be no audiences fatuously ignorant and vulgar enough to fill the theaters. The Trust is no longer a menace to the theater. We have no theater, no plays, no actors; no actresses. The drama is dead. The Trust to be can do it no further hurt, for the Trust that is has already violated its tomb with various mechanical and scenic revivals of the dry bones whence the spirit has fled. Mr. Pinero, Mr. Augustus Thomas, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Bronson Howard, Mr. Clyde Fitch and other dramatists who can not come down to writing "knockabouts" have discounted the day of the complete domination of the Trust. They despair of appealing to such audiences as the Trust can gather. They have begun to publish their plays before submitting them to the ravishings of the Trust reconstructors and adapters. They have given over the stage to horse-play comedies and musical melanges and girly-whirly shows of all sorts and conditions. We don't care what happens to the stage and the drama. Malice domestic, foreign levy—nothing can touch them further. Let the trustification of the stage proceed.

❖❖

Eligibility in Football

NO USE talking, St. Louis is getting there in football, as in everything else. We've been a little slow at Rugby, but we've finally got a team that's got the elements of greatness in it. It's capable of tackling the best of them, is the St. Louis University eleven, and already has made a pretty clean sweep of some of the adjacent stellar gridiron organizations. That the Blue and White boys are the real thing in football out this way is evidenced by the knocking that's going on. To be knocked you've got to be successful; that seems to be the only fault of the St. Louis University team. Its eligibility under the Confer-

ence Rules and the athletic integrity of the institution it represents have been brought into question, but the detractors make no case. The athletic managers of the university, before the season opened, declared they were not going to play their eleven under Conference Rules, and have not varied their position since. Still, they are not evading any issue. Every member of the eleven is a bona fide student of the institution, and as such is entitled to membership on the team. This ought to suffice as far as the amateur standing of the team is concerned. As to its merit, it is one of the best exponents of the new form of Rugby in the West, and in points scored thus far leads the big teams both East and West. Boosting, not knocking, should be the reward of such work.

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Hearst Needed Here

A GHASTLY rumor percolates through the city to the effect that negotiations are pending with a view to consolidating the *Republic* and *Post-Dispatch*, as a morning and an evening paper under one management. It doesn't look like a rational scheme, but there's no telling what may or may not happen in local newspaperdom, now that Mr. Hearst has had copyrighted the titles of *Hearst's St. Louis American* and *Hearst's St. Louis Journal*. We need Hearst

in St. Louis. We need some newspaper that can't be reached and influenced by the ramifying influences of the Big Cinch. The *Post-Dispatch* is not easily influenced by pull of any kind. Neither is the *Star-Chronicle*. But we all know just what set can soften things down in, or smooth them out of the *Globe-Democrat*, while the *Republic* is notoriously an organ of a special clique in which Dave Francis is the "main gazebo," while Harry B. Hawes might be considered to be its political news editor. The *Republic* is regularly doping the public in the interests of those interests, and its news, otherwise excellent, and under the administration of the new Dan McAuliffe regime, much improved, absolutely distorted to serve the political ends of notorious grafters in politics. If Hearst should come here with his papers and begin printing the news regardless of the local big bugs, he would force the other papers to do the same. This town needs a shaking up by some one under no necessity of financial or social obligation in the newspaper business. Only in that way, by the coming here of some newspaper man with plenty of money and no scheming friends to serve, can the Big Cinch grip on this town be broken for good and all. There's a goodly welcome awaiting the Hearst newspapers in this burg when he shall see fit to begin to print.

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JOHN F. MAGNER

MOST people of discernment in this town read the *Star-Chronicle* these days for just one thing—the local editorials.

They are from the pen of Mr. John F. Magner. That pen is dipped in vitriol—but no; vitriol burns hot. These Magner editorials burn coldly. They flay a man with knives of ice. No such mordant writing does this town know. None such has it ever known. Some persons unused to distinguishing things might say that these editorials are marked by malice. They are not malicious at all. They are no more malicious than a mathematical problem's

result is maliciously contrived. Their supreme quality is their abstract remorselessness of truth applied to concrete things. An impersonal quality of deadly sarcasm seems to permeate them. It is clear that the writer of these editorials doesn't hate the man he goes after. Not at all. He simply distills the coldest of cold truth, and it sears as no glowing rhetoric of condemnation can ever sear. Here is a bitterness more intense than that of Dean Swift; a stinging virulence that surpasses the most venomous outbursts of "the little wasp of Twickenham."

Really it's great stuff, this Magnerian mordacious-

ness. It is innocent of ornamentation. The simplicity of it is as piercing as a woman's shriek in the night, and as chilling. The sublimation of scorn is compacted into brief sentences, and emphasized in big type. Now and again there appears in the writing a jest, but it is a jest that suggests the fun-making of a Torquemada. The work is high art. And it is never directed to the assailing of anything that should not be assailed. The writing is dry-point expression of the dry light. Once in a while there will crop out of this cruelly brilliant and gratingly hard style the evidences of a classical substratum of

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thought. Sometimes it smacks of Tacitus.

The F in Mr. Wagner's name must stand for Flagellant.

So much for his writing. His talking is more so. Seldom does he deal in euphemisms for the truth. He says what he thinks of anybody. He will rip off your gaudiest pretense and lash with it your nakedness. He will do this with just the same cold heat with which he writes. He's the ever reliable conversational shower bath to douse a pretentious egoism or a hypocritical pose. For the most perfectly condensed sneer you must hearken to John Wagner when his tongue wags and his pompadour bristles at mention of some fakir. Invective from his lips is Homeric. It is classically keen and scarifying. And when he has achieved something in that line that actually makes you doubt the goodness of anything or anybody he will say—"I'm not saying this because I have anything against So-and-So. He's a friend of mine." Then you almost wish you were John Flagellant Wagner's enemy—anything but his friend.

And yet he's not unable to say a nice thing. When he does say it, it sounds very nice. But maybe that's because it is in such contrast. It is the impersonal quality of his murderously acrid and crisp comment that makes it so shuddery. He doesn't deal in epithets. He simply cites facts, but states them with an acidulous gusto that indicates that he knows his own artistry in that particular line. He doesn't care for phrase-making at all. He just talks plain English with a satanic sapidness of words and a diabolical directness of diction. O'Connell's denunciation of Disraeli, Macaulay's essay on Bertrand Barrere, Ingalls' excoriation of Voorhees, Charles A. Dana's malefic mockery of Grover Cleveland, Elihu Root's crucifixion of William Randolph Hearst—these are classics of scourging scorn, but none of them could boil down into five lines the liquid-air scarification that John Wagner can deliver. Thomas B. Reed

could belittle a man in an anecdote. But Wagner can make a man look like a scalded rat in one sentence.

Yet Wagner doesn't hate his kind. He is a good fellow. He does not believe in gods or half gods. He does not believe in any of the conventional devices for obscuring our frailties. If you could trace one word of his to a personal grievance of any sort his genius for unmasking men would lose its distinction. It is this utter aloofness, this absolute fairness in his Scarronesque *chefs d'oeuvre* that lifts his talk and writing into the class of Sterne's "Curse of Ernulphus" or Rabelais' debate between *Panurge* and *Thaumast*. So much an exhibition of genius is his gift of exquisite exacerbated speech that his friends enjoy it as they might enjoy Burke's indictment of Warren Hastings, or Voltaire's tirades against *l'infame*, or Martial's epigrams, or Catullus' castigations of Cæsar. His smile as he spouts out his lava of locutions is as a display of white lightning crowning a storm. In his own chosen field of expression he is as unparalleled as this country's one and only master of profane oburgation, Col. Charles Asbestos Edwards, of Washington, D. C. Ambrose Bierce, of Washington, a writer for the Hearst newspapers, is more in the Wagner class, but Bierce does his work of crucifixion with more conscious art. And Wagner at his best is all the better because, notwithstanding the fact that he is surpassingly excoriating, he gives you the impression of struggling desperately against overstating his case.

In spite of all this, Wagner is not a man of ruthless inconsideration for others. There are many who can testify that he knows when to spare the lash of his speech, written or spoken. There are many who know that as journalist he has frequently forborne the sensation that would shatter the home or scald the hearts of the innocent. His mark is the meanness of men, not their more generous defects. His *bete noir* is the hypocrite in politics, letters, art,

science or social life. His scorn is for the fraud in high places. His joy is shaming the sham. If he thinks one is half-way on the level and trying to be wholly so, he will withhold his wounding words. Never do you find him "shelling quail with a battery." And sometimes you'll catch him off his guard, wiping his eyes over a bit of pathos on the stage, or burning up the dictionary of approval in behalf of some one wrongfully accused or misrepresented.

Attila was called the Scourge of God. John F. Wagner is the Attila of St. Louis journalism, with an Aristophanic laughter lurking behind the fierceness of his efflorescent, incandescent scorn of poseurs. If he had a little touch of wistfulness he would be a lesser Heinrich Heine. But he has no "Hebraic unction," even in his wrath. His gift is in the service of Right. He never assails the weak or the humble, or the unfortunate. And his tenderness of heart is sometimes worth braving the terrors of his tongue to discover.

A Socialist Poet

By W. M. R

"THE DREAMER AND OTHER POEMS," by Philip Green Wright, (the Asgard Press, Galesburg, Ill.), is a pretty book to hand and eyes. Coming without the imprint of a great house, one might easily pass it by as only a very minor book of song from some singer fortunately, or unfortunately, able to print for himself. But let me say at once, here is some of the genuine stuff of serious verse. Mr. Wright is a Socialist, but he is a poet too. Whether he would be a better poet if less a Socialist is a matter not debatable, but that his opinions give a fervency and a strong consistency to his verse is indisputable. The title-poem is a fine one. It has some of the quality of William Morris, without being



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an imitation or an echo. The vision he has is of the land of afterwhiles, the land of realized ideals, the land of love, of art, of peace, of perfect justice. "O put your stronger hand upon the beam," he sings, "And we will lift the real world to the dream." In this poem the author shows a chaste dignity, a sparing, unrestrained expression that finely conveys the sense of a rapture of earnestness back of the words. Turning the pages towards the end of the book we come to "The Cry of the Underlings," a swinging, ringing poem with warning in it to the overlords, yet unmarred by frenzy, unspoiled by hate. It is the best poem of its kind since Boyle O'Reilly's outcry to the masters to take heed for their Juggernaut presses hard. The underlings are just beginning to think why they are as they are, why the others have the good things of life. Their minds, their hearts, their blood begins to stir—

*But if ever we shake ourselves awake,
Masters of Bread, beware!*

There is singular sweetness and acute appreciation in Mr. Wright's other lyrical verses, especially those on music. In them all he sees the future glorified by justice. When we come to the dramatic poems, of which there are four, there are two unqualifiedly worthy of study for their compactness, for their intensity, for the excellent good result achieved in the blank verse treatment of the problem which Mr. Wright's Socialism may, or may not solve. In "The Queen" I find a certain smack of Browning—the Browning of "Pippa Passes." Something of a dry brilliancy is softened at times into a tender sympathy as we read of the Queen's triumph over her minister and her councilors and her refusal to sanction aggression upon her neighbors by statecraft or war. The Queen is a true and noble woman. Her speech is flexible and forceful and the culmination is for her appeal to the Minister and therein revealing her love. In all the poem there is a rich economy of means to end, of words to ideas. The pictures are limned keenly, there occur here and there good, old, raw phrases that might have come from the Elizabethans, abrupt words that seem to bristle or bulge with meaning, as Browning's do, so often. "The Queen" is a distinguished performance, and no judge of verse can say truly aught else. "The Captain of Industry" is fine too. The success compeller unloosens his soul when brought to the door of death. He's big and vulgar, almost brutal, but the force in him, the soul that grapples the world—it is a real soul. He has won the game by going to his goal regardless of all in his way, and he feels that he has done naught but good. He is proud of his ambition, of his scorn of ideals, of his matter-of-factness. All unconscious of the frightful selfishness of himself, he strips himself and while the revelation shocks, it evokes pity too, for the man has a heart, and is himself a piteous, defeated victim of his own hard system. A very dramatic monologue indeed is this and it smashes home its lesson without a line of preaching. "The Captain of Industry" stands out a very flesh and blood man. How infinitely superior is this work of Mr. Wright's to the literature of Upton Sinclair. It has a breadth of comprehension of human nature; it has an insight that searches out beauty; it is literature, not polemics. For the other dramatic monologues the reviewer does not care. One shows the newly elected Socialist President soliloquizing on his victory even as the returns come. In so far as it is descriptive of the speaker's life struggle, it is good, but when it ranges into the details of the campaign, we are reminded painfully of a like flat ending to "The Jungle." Mr. Wright's poetry certainly suffers from Socialistic adulteration, when he attempts to bring his Socialism down from the rare air of his cloud-fanciful idealizations. So with his poem "The Teacher." To this reviewer it is negligible. But in this little book of fifty-three pages there is poetry. This poetry is marred and scarred by lapses, by descents all unsuspected into triviality, by an absence of any sensuous element in the verse, but it is poetry none the less and it is poetry of this very time, a poetry unsenti-

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THOMAS B. MOSHER
Portland, Maine

mental in the old sense, a poetry of intense concern with practicality, full of "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love"—the larger love that has in view the race and not the glamoured appetite of flesh for flesh. There are crudities, absurdities, a monstrosity now and then in the scansion of the blank verse, but in its totality it is the authentic voice of the singer of a full, not an empty day, of life with ache and vision and upward urge in it. The foreword by Mr. Charles A. Sandburg, and the brief apology by Mr. Wright, are two excellent specimens of nervous, well-knit, savory prose. Temerarious though it seem, I say this book of verse is greater truth, sound-

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Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jane:

FATHER has at last made up his mind for a Choral Symphony box this year. Goodman King and Judge Boyle talked him into it. They have boxed for years, and the Judge says there is no more refreshing antidote for a day on the hard bench—I think that is the proper term for what I mean to express, Jane, but I'll bet it's a leather covered arm chair, just the same—and Mr. King declares that the Judge is wholly right, and that he wouldn't miss a concert for money—and everybody knows, Jane, that he certain sure doesn't miss the money that a box costs. Mother will have to do without a new set of sables this winter, and I shall have only two party gowns, so that before the winter is over, Jane, I will get to be known, like a four-seasons-old girl was last winter, by her black spangled dress and her "other one." But we feel that the sacrifice for art is ennobling and uplifting and—er—er—ear-splitting, sometimes, but necessary, if you would shine undimmed in society. To belong to the Choral Symph., Jane, means that you are way past the Apollo Club, which is simply smart, and that the Amphion is too new for experiment, and that the Kneisel Quartette and Peer Gynt are about your measure. And the bluff everybody puts up, or anyhow, 'most everybody, shows that we are game to the final blare of trumpets. But don't misunderstand me, Jane. Because a man prefers to sit in a box for which he pays a lovely price, surrounded by his elegant-looking wimmin folks, and reposing gently, but dignifiedly, also unmistakably, on the snowy bosom of his biled shirt, is no sign that he doesn't know a Strauss symphonic poem when he hears its "harsh insistency, rasping and nerve-racking," as the *Republic* said the morning after the concert. Just look at Dan Houser

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er poetry, clearer vision, more rational aspiration, utterance better evocative of altruistic sympathy in the reader, than the more strutting resonances of the much vaunted "Man With the Hoe"—as much better than that as "Bishop Bloughram's Apology" or "Ottilma and Sibald" is better than "The Choir Invisible." It is bigger and better than its Socialism, for it is fulfilled of that truth and sincerity which transcend classification and are utterly unconfined in any "ism."

and Dan Catlin and Dan Kirby and some more of the Dannites, if you don't think I'm telling the truth. If jolly Mr. Houser only had the price of a top gallery seat in his jeans, Jane, I'm dead certain he'd go to the Symphony concert and sit in that self same seat, provided Mrs. H. sat alongside. So, you see, it's true devotion, after all.

The buds were displayed by their relations with considerable pride. Marguerite Tower sat up very straight in the box which Mr. and Mrs. Dickson Walsh had—it was far and away the best looking box-party of the evening, too, and my stars and garters, but isn't Maria Taylor the beauty, though? More opera glasses turned in the direction of that box than you could count—and one of Maria's chiefest charms is her unconsciousness. She wears her hair nice and plain—parted straight down the middle and tossed back over the ears, and she never smirks nor giggles, nor does the stupid silly things which debutantes have been seen to do in boxes. Maria is a real archduchess, all right, and shows her fine breeding. Well, who wouldn't, just couldn't, help being high class, with Marian Lindsay for a chaperone? Marian brought out the two little Taylor girls, her sister's children, two winters ago, and they've been coached so carefully and so well that they know what's what ten miles off, and they've no signs of foolishness.

The Crundens were there—looking reposeful and rapt—Kate Crunden has, I think, tho', perhaps, it's too early to say, left off wearing those eccentric hair decorations mostly cut flowers which she was so fond of, a ways back. Mother said she sprung a water lily on the Woman's Club one night last winter, that was,—oh, well, never mind but you surely can't pay proper attention to studious things when water lilies and iridescent egrettes and similar badges of style tickle your nose every time you lean forward when the tubas do a little fancy tubing.

Think I shall go in heavily for tubas, Jane—I mean at the Symph. concerts. You know, dearest, you just must have some specialty, some leading topic, as it were, that you can drag in by the front legs when cultured and musical persons around you, at a five-o'clock, begin to talk concert. So I've decided on tubas and say, but just watch em paralyze Mrs. Evie Pattison, and Mrs. Philip N. Moore, and that very smart Mrs. Rohland, who lives in Upper Alton—she would never live in anything lower than that, I'm sure—some fine day when they are tossing aside remarks like,

"Oh, yes, the F Minor composition shows much more temperature—I mean temperament—than the P X Major," and

"What could equal that arpeggio appoggiatura passage in the second act?" and

"How Professor Ernst's exquisite blending of the first violins shows his remarkable grasp on the conductor's pearl-handled baton."

Then Jane, then—and mark you this—then, here's the place that I crush 'em,—fairly scrunch 'em into the cold, cold earth, by the softly spoken words, as I toss a mythical lock of hair across my broad white brow,

"All this may be true, Mrs. Pattison, indeed it probably is true, and yet," this very gently, Jane; for I do not wish to seem to thrust my preconceived opinion on these ladies of music erudition—'twould be too presuming,—

"And yet do you not forget the tubas?" Then I shall throw in a few sweet statements on tuba playing as I heard it in Tartary, and incidentally add that Tschutubatschky himself, probably the greatest tuber that ever grew above ground, told me that proper tuba playing can only be done on a tin tuba—and that renewed often, like a ten-cent coffee pot.

Jane, I shall score, see if I don't.

But just as I am about to wind up my long-winded spiel on the Choral Symphony, Jane, let me rise to remark that if St. Louis audiences don't know how to behave at the theater, they certainly do know how to

sit still at a concert. You could have heard a feather fall the other night during the whole of that long and muchly classic Richard Strauss composition, and it was the same for the rest of the evening. And nobody made a wild dash for hats and a Suburban street car in the middle of the last piece, either. Do you know why? Because the rules at these concerts are strict and are rigidly enforced. Polite ushers—and there are some—don't hesitate to pull the rope across the aisles just as soon as a number begins, and they don't let it down until the last note is settling itself in the gallery rafters. If Mr. P. Short and Mr. Dan Fishell and that nice Mr. Cave at the Century would go and do likewise, there might be some violent and apoplectic kicking from the masses for a while, but when the dear public once finally found out that it was no go and no good, they'd settle down and behave themselves and either come on time or else be content to

wait. But it'll never happen, Jane, this side o' the millennium.

Nothing settles itself very speedily in society, Jane—there is an awful paucity of plans for expansive entertaining. Louise Nugent is to have a day-time blow-out the last of this month, and a ball at the St. Louis Club in December, and there is talk that Marguerite Tower will have the same—but I don't see any cards in my mail. Wonder if the money market is astringent this year, or where's the rub?

For one thing, nearly all our set has gone to live in hotels, and you can't entertain at a hotel without a very large expenditure of the coin of the realm. Even if it's only crackers and cheese served *table d'hôte*, after a quiet little bridge game at the dead of night in your own ten-room suite, it'll cost you something, and so people have cut off the dissemination of seeds of kindness along the supper and dinner routes and

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OLIVE—BROADWAY—LOCUST.

take it out sitting round the hotel lobby at night and passing the time away. That new seventy-five million dollar hotel has started on Kingshighway, right across from the Van Blarcoms, and my sakes, but they must be good and mad! Don't care if it is a family place of residence, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Van B. won't be able to enjoy their quiet, peaceful little cottage much longer in sweet solitude.

Wonder where Gladys Kerens is? Not a sign of the Kerens on the board walk this fall—say, Jane, I must tell you something that happened once when Mother was calling on Mrs. Kerens, about the time Gladys made her debut last winter, and Mother told Mrs. K. how graceful and pretty she thought Gladys was. And Mrs. Kerens replied very quickly, "No, Mrs. Jay, I do not consider Gladys a beauty, by any means, but I must say that she is the sweetest, most affectionate and dutiful daughter that a mother could possibly have." And then the two ladies shed a few nice tears, or I guess they ought to uv, don't you say so? And I'll bet a biscuit Gladys deserves every word of it, too.

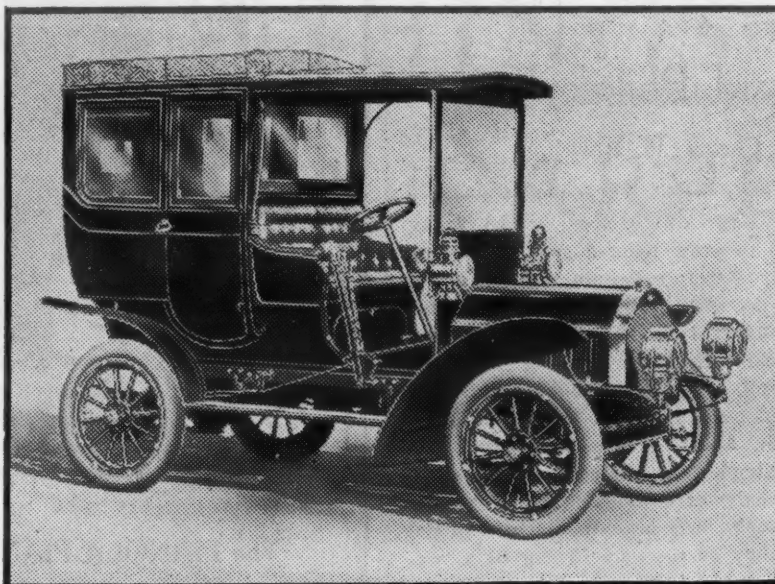
Emily Wickham and Ralph McKittrick get married on Saturday. There will be no hitches in that wedding. Emily has been a bridesmaid six times and a maid of honor five times, and Ralph has the biggest collection of gold-monogrammed scarf pins, presented by the bridegroom at the pre-nuptial dinner, of cuff links that won't link anything, of metalized card cases and intaglio rings you ever dreamt of. He knows how to comport himself at a church wedding and I guess the rest of the bridal party can be counted on with a reasonable degree of comfort and satisfaction. I'm sorter surprised that Mary McKittrick Markham didn't give a function of some kind or other for the new bride-to-be, but mebbe she and George are holding off until the wedding trip is over. Or maybe there isn't any rebate—rebates run in that McKittrick family, you know. The Markhams are about ripe for a large and select assemblage of friends in their own modest mansion, and I rather expect it will come along this fall—something in the music line, say. Another entertainer whom I have in my mind's eye, Jane, and where I expect she will remain, is Mrs. Hills, the lovely widow who owns that gorgeous house opposite Forest Park—now, honest, Jane, if she doesn't give an afternoon tea pretty soon I shall blow up and bust. Mrs. Dave Calhoun has come modestly forth from the wings and got elected the other day to a position of value and responsibility in the Woman's Club. Somebody resigned in her favor. Wasn't that thoughtful? I expect that means that the Calhouns will just about blow themselves round Christmas with a ball at the aforesaid club. The George Tiffanys have a brand new son. Hazel Garrison is getting to be a demnition fine young woman. Saw her driving a stunning little trap and bay mare in the park one day lately, and her whole get-up of blue cloth and natty hat and dark red driving gloves, with the jimmy little groom up behind, was about the correctest thing I've seen round here since Herbie Sellner moved out of town. Clara Clark is getting her trousseau ready. She and Bob Wade are to be married about Christmas, so I hear. Dave Francis offered us fifty thou', Jane, if several other public-spirited and generosity citizens would also come forward and plank down, and lo there was nothing doing, dearest, so Dave, not to be outdone by himself, extended the time limit—I think, indefinitely, so that the passes-by can still stand and gaze as he goeth along. I hear little Berenice Ballard, who married the young Hinman Clark, is mighty nigh getting her head in the matrimonial noose again. Gent lives in Chicago. And the youngest Spencer girl, Lulu, who is still living in the big house, tho' I hear it's on the market, is denying that she's engaged to Jack Robinson—hasn't that name the quick sound, though? And Mrs. Fred Nolker and Jack Kearney were "seen together" at the play house a few days ago, so Lacey Crawford told Brother, and that means they are sure

engaged—you have only to be seen once with a man in this town in order to set yourself down as selecting him for a life partner. Poor Jack Kearney! Something good's about due him. He's been accused of writing society stuff for the MIRROR. The Jesse Booghers—who have some nice-looking daughters—are coming to the front. One of the girls was a maid of honor at the V. P. this year, and there is another one home from two years in Europe—named Martha—I think they are John Boogher's sisters—they have sent us cards for to-morrow afternoon—a tea fight. My New York cousin wrote me that Anna Koehler is sure and for true engaged to a medical man in that large city, which is why Anna has taken to domesticity so fiercely the last few months—she's a fine girl, too, and got lots of sense and talent. Her great chum Helen Gemp has gone to Colorado to shoot—I mean big

game, Jane—the Rooseveltian racket—isn't that game of Helen? I have bespoken a pair of caribou horns, they will look so well in my shell-pink boudoir, right over the dressing table. And Edna Lammert, the only one left of a large line of girls, is going to marry Bert Culver, whose father founded the military academy. And the chrysanthemums out at Shaw's Garden are as big as Mrs. Joe Widen's new diamond sunburst. And say, Jane, it was Mr. Harold Tittmann at the Darrach recital with "brother," and not Mrs. Eugene, to whom I apologize. Mrs. Eugene hasn't any little "brothers"—they are all girls and married.

Oh dear. A real live lady has sued George Dovey for breach of promise because she used to keep house for him. And one of the baseball Robisons used to live with her, or at her house, too, and he—don't know

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whether it's Stan or Frank—is to prove George Dovey's character. And Russell Gardner, the banner buggy man, or bugger banny man or whatever it is, is to be summoned as an-a-a-expert, I believe, and sassiety's on the kiviv, as we say.

BLUE JAY.

Backyard Philosophy

By Chester H. Krum

AND he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." The Dean, who always wrote well, and who could write well, as Johnson insisted, even of a broomstick, thus enunciated a text worthy of home consideration in St. Louis. The desideratum so great and yet so simple; the reward so comprehensive and yet so worthy of attainment.

Backyard philosophy may be indulged in with the same degree of safety as tar-water, being of a "nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate." Dear old Bishop Berkeley, Dean Hole might have shocked you with his rhapsody on *Sterculus* and *currus Stercorosus*, and yet how stimulating to backyard possibilities the contents of such family chariots as the son of Faunus drove!

Saint Louis is a city of homes. Wisely abandoning the solid, row-system of dwelling building and somewhat, if one pleases, wasteful of territory, the home builders have not lost sight of space as a controlling feature of home structure and location. As a consequence, one is at once struck with the attractiveness of the front presentations of St. Louis homes. Lawns there are, and well kept—not much of splendor in the grass, because of climatic drawbacks—but green, refreshing, restful. Shrubs there are—oft jabbed into the ground as if *Althea alba pura*, or *Weigelia hortensis rosea*, had been wrought by some fantastic energy of the Steel trust—yet rich in foliage and reasonable bloom. Mistakenly placed, one finds roses there, but the planter has only his labor for his pains—a case of "Patience sitting by to be everlastingly offended? Grass and slop-buckets ties, with never a nibble."

But the backyard—How is it with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy?

For the most part, no fresh lily there bravely becoming its bed, but cluttered with *cannus tinnus* emitting a dismal light in the sun, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar; festooned with clothes-lines swaying to the breeze bifurcations and peek-a-boo creations more peculiar than painting can express; the inevitable shed, in no sense wasting its sweetness on the desert-air, but redolent of garbage and scarred with ravages of fire, certainly not of sea-coal upon Wednesday of Wheeson week; the voices, there, not those airy ones which lead to immortality, but the sonorous wooing of Paulina by the "dandy copper" of the beat. Oh, if there be not an Elysium on earth,

"It is this, it is this!"

Reform it altogether. It is melancholy that such golden opportunities are not observed. Are the home places to be merely whited sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outward, but rearward might be full of dead men's bones, if there were room for anything but rubbish? Is the eye, no less than the nose, to be everlastingly offended? Grass and slop-buckets are no more synonymous, than they are harmonious. Brickbats are not *objets d'art*, and decayed cabbages have not yet been successfully included in saleable nosegays. The desecration of the back-yard as thus evidenced should be prohibited by ordinance.

Think of the acres of God's soil wasted—wasted in the cause of slovenliness and indifference! Downtown, the business sojourner quarrels with filth and unseemly things and clamors for their suppression. But where there is room, and acres of room—and smelt so, bah! The average semi-suburban backyard of St. Louis would offend the sensibilities of a ma-



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ture William Hircus. What do parents conclude their children can gain from the adornment of the back-yard with coal ashes, or limiting its usefulness to musical exhibitions by tom-cats? To adults, themselves, does the average back-yard of St. Louis suggest much beyond an appropriate field for the health officer, or the rigors of medical inspection?

"God Almighty," said Bacon, "first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of Humane pleasures." Why not imitate, in some small measure, the workings of the Lord and give the back-yard in St. Louis a reasonable showing in the direction of the city's beautification? There need be no great effort, no undue expenditure of time, no unjustifiable expense. Though the reform be not indifferent, yet let there be a reform. The end is adornment, let us have a true beginning. Let it no longer be said of St. Louis—the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what St. Louis back-yards are. Let us no longer be thus bewildered as in *Bottom's* most rare vision. Any one can make the beginning, be he or she young or old.

Especially should a woman be tabooed who is lagard in this business of reform. If it be true, that places do not grace men, but men the places, shall women be fair only in the front-exposure of St. Louis homes? A woman who devotes hours in the waste of time and the production of nothing upon golf-links, can learn in a moment, if she will, that raw garbage is not even a good fertilizer, and that refuse is by no means as pleasing a thing as even the simplest, best known flower. The statute includes males and females in the same class by way of definition, and thus circumstanced, a man might possibly learn something in the same direction.

It is idle to plead ignorance. Where there is a will there is a way. One need not be a florist, a horticulturist, a rosarian or an arboriculturist. He need only try and he will succeed. The Beneficence which gave grass and trees and plants to man imposes upon him, at least some degree of duty in their employment. The back-yard is an appropriate field. The way is easy—in it there is no lion, either of difficulty or of disappointment. Even a child can do much, and, by the way, plant-culture should be a part of every child's education. It is immaterial to this contention who made the city—whether God or man—but if man made St. Louis, man should have enough civic pride to keep the back-yards at least fit to be seen. The housekeepers may think they are hidden, but they are not—they are hideous. The remedy is the hoe.

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And, herein, the philosophy thereof. Open air can be found in the back-yard—it costs nothing. Exercise can be had in the back-yard, and in the culture of plants, or trees or grass, it is of the best, because there is so much of exercise in the doing which does not seem to be exercise. Learning is to be had for the asking, and of a quality found nowhere else but in the garden as taught by God's beautiful creations. The eye is rested by matchless combinations of colors in the simplest, every-day flowers, the hand is steadied in the work given to plants which respond as if themselves sentient, no less than gratified, and the head banishes care and worry in the reflection that the course of nature is the art of God.

The adornment of the back-yard one will, forsooth, find, as Walton said of angling, to be "an employment for his idle time, which was not then idly spent, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a producer of contentedness."

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Dramatic

The Nasty "Love Letter."

Victorien Sardou's "Love Letter," at the Garrick this week, is an abomination—almost an abomination of desolation. Maybe there is some sparkle of wit in it in French. In English it is simply a succession of unpleasant insinuations.

Theodore Potard, the traveler, is simply lubricious. His laugh is a continuous offense. His lines are libidinous without relief. His leers are the grimaces of a victim of satyriasis. Albert Gran plays the part too damnably well.

So with W. J. Ferguson's *Philippe Jobelin*. It is a beautiful bit of acting, but the cynical, sneering elegance of his attitude is subtly offensive. The character is that of a *blase flaneur* without honor or shame. Its wit is hardly that of the club room. It is the flip-pant incredulity as to virtue of the almost impotent sybarite.

Oscar Mirival is a fool. But he is funny without reeking of salacity and nastiness. Sidney Sterling does the role capitally. Percy Lyndal's impersonation of *Oliver Loysel*, a lawyer, is good, but most manikin-like, for all that.

There isn't a thing in the play that isn't unpleasant and unredeemed by any quality that is commendable. A man newly married to a divorced woman discovers a love letter in a desk. She lies about it, and finally admits that the letter was written to her while she was

married to her former husband. The former husband is appealed to by the wife to prove the fact. He thinks he's helping his former wife to fool her second husband. Then he learns that the thing is actually true—that the woman did flirt with another while his wife. And that's the play. The thing is worked out with a peculiarly heavy hand—for a Frenchman. The play is stiff and difficult. The jests do not come off well. Everyone seems to joke like the Scotchman, "wi' deeficulty." There is no humor in the piece anywhere. Only a diabolically intense disbelief in womanly fidelity. The thing gets to be a bore. It is flat. It is stale. It is heartless, mirthless,—altogether, it is an affliction. The mechanism of the play creaks and groans. The audience Monday night was utterly dead to the performance. It didn't applaud. It was revolted, not necessarily by the unrelieved vulgarity, the shoddy and suggestive salacity, but by the inartistic, the crude, the viciously coarse total impression of the performance.

The writer has never seen on any stage anything that so thoroughly deserved the designation—"rotten." Rotten in *motif*, rotten in construction, rotten in the very excellencies—what few there were—of the impersonation of disagreeable characters. The whole affair was one indecent exposure.

Miss Virginia Harned was the wife. She played the part with an utterly puzzling oscillation between sincerity and flippancy. She was not innocent

enough to win sympathy. Her art was a waste in every respect. In the scene in which she grew a little tender, she had to make a defense that was a piece of putrid social sophistry. The nicety of this only intensified the bad taste in one's mouth. It is outrageous that a woman should be asked to play such a part, for there is neither wisdom nor art, nor artistic wickedness in it. And only in lesser degree may the same be said of the other women in the cast—Eleanor Moretti and Virginia Drew Trescott.

The only decent person, the only one who isn't involved in trickery or intrigue or characterized by unhealthy cynicism, the only wholly honest person in the whole play is the second husband of the heroine, *Casimir Revillon*, played by William Courtenay. And this decent person, whose suspicions are deliberately engendered and worked up, is the butt of the whole play. He is absurd, ridiculous, almost contemptible—why? Because he believes in a woman's honor seriously enough to care whether or not he wears horns. This is simply villainous. It is not redeemed by the humor of *Panurge*. It hasn't the broad, the primeval, nasty humor of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques." The husband is even more of a fool because he is decent, than a husband in a comedy of the Restoration. And it's all the worse because Mr. Courtenay makes the husband such a manly and square fellow.

There are three acts of this unrelieved, unredeemed "fun." They are just

three too many. They are intolerably lengthened out. The curtain didn't go up Monday night until a quarter to nine o'clock. Then there were waits of almost fifteen or twenty minutes between each act. Lord, but the evening was an affliction.

The audience was a fine one. The Garrick management threw a splash of slops into that audience's faces. The play is an insult to intelligence, to say nothing of decency. And this is not the opinion of one who expects soon to be canonized for his eminent virtue.

Next week: "Taps," a German military play.

✱

"The Truth."

"The Truth" may not be the worst play Clyde Fitch ever wrote, but it's as bad as the worst. And, goodness knows, that's the truth. It's a hodge-podge of smart talk, smart gowns with an occasional dash of the real thing in the way of dramatic art thrown in. It is, in reality, a nice drawing-room comedy for high society. But it lacks the bone, blood and sinew of the real article—most of Fitch's plays do. He doesn't go at the heart of things. He just flits around and pecks at them. The piece could easily be presented in three acts—maybe less than that. The greater part of the first two, there is nothing doing but "talk," and one is only held to the task of sitting through another in the expectation of something Fitchy, but even here there is disappointment.

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the evil of lying. It shows just what damage a really good woman, with an inherited taste for mendacity, can do herself and those who love her, by side-stepping the truth. *Mrs. Becky Warder* is such a woman. She can lie faster than a dog can trot, and much easier. She brings her knowledge of the art of Ananias into play, however, more to save the happiness of her friends, a young couple who have become estranged, than anything else. But she is playing with a live wire. She tries to effect a reconciliation by appealing to the errant spouse, but only succeeds in touching off the mine of jealousy in his wife. She has been meeting the jealous one's husband in all sorts of ridiculous places, and wasn't particular about the detectives who were watching her. All becomes known, and *Becky* just has to lie up to the speed limit to save her face temporarily, at least. Her husband catches her in all her deceptions, and then there is a separation, an awakening, a reconciliation and the triumph of truth.

The company puts as much life into the thing as they have found between the lines. Clara Bloodgood, she of the verdant eyes, plays the part of *Becky* with considerable satisfaction, though she is plainly better suited to the lighter scenes that have fallen to her. Her work has the unmistakable stamp of sincerity and ability, but the play never would make any actress a famous star. *Mrs. Bloodgood*, as a matter of fact, hasn't much advantage over *Zelda Sears*, the buxom widow, proprietor of a flat, who has been contributing to the support of *Becky's* father, her star-boarder, in the hope of matrimonializing him. *Miss Sears'* work is really the refreshing feature of the piece. She has a fine conception of the fun in her lines, and knows how to shade the meaning. She's all right.

Miss Sam Sothern plays the jealous wife quite insanely natural, and wears smart gowns with effect.

William J. Kelly is effective as *Becky's* husband, and *J. E. Dodson*, who personates the profligate father of *Becky*, looks "toutv" enough for any purpose. *Mr. Dodson* is undoubtedly a capable actor, but there isn't much chance to spread his wings in the Fitch part.

"The Truth" is not absolutely devoid of entertaining qualities, but it needs compression and action.

Next week: *Marie Cahill* in "Marrying Mary."

The comedy and satire that *Mr. Augustus Thomas* has spread over "The Education of *Mr. Pipp*" will keep that piece on the road for some time to come. The play came to the Century Sunday night with just as much popularity as it ever enjoyed, even if it was an hour or two late. Nearly all theater-goers are familiar with the fancies and foibles of the new rich American, *Pippes*—with the social-bounding qualities of the ignorant *Mrs. Pipp* and the indulgent, ever patient, hen-pecked husband. *Digby Bell* is a *Pipp* from Pippville. It's his second season in the very funny role, but his interest hasn't flagged any. And *Belle Gaffney* gets about all there is out of the role of *Mrs. Pipp*. *Sam B. Hardy* and *Reginald Mason* are also at home in their old parts. *Phyllis Young* and *Elise Scott* are the Gibson girls—the *Phipps'* daughters—and they are quite an improvement on the artist's creations. Perhaps the best bit of work next to *Mr. Bell's* is *W. S. St. Claire*, who, as last season, plays the bogus French nobleman, *Count Charmont*.

Next week: "The Umpire," a much lauded new attraction, with *Fred Mace* in the title role.

Williams and *Walker* are likely to realize the wealth of *Rastus Johnson* before they pull their freight from the Grand. They entered upon their sec-

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ond week with no let-up in the attendance. And the whole company is working hard and keeping up the voltage of the piece. The singing of *Ada Overton Walker* of "The Island of By-and-By" has proved one of the melodic hits of "Abyssinia." *Miss Walker* is assisted by a double male quartette. Next week: The musical comedy, "The Tenderfoot."

That capital Dumas play, "The Danicheffs," will be presented by the German Stock Company at the Odeon next Sunday night. Years ago it was given here, and considered one of the strongest of the Dumas dramas. In its German translation it is a very strong and characteristic masterpiece of the early Dumas school. It is a sort of Russian "Anna Lise," only cast in a more regal mould, and fraught with greater sensation. *Vilma von Hohenau*, *Alexander Deubner*, *Emilie*

von Jagemann, *Ferdinand Welb* and *Hans Loebel*, *Louise Pellmann* and *Tina Dobers* will have the principal parts in the cast which is large and important.

At the Gayety "The Dainty Duchess Company" is furnishing one of the best entertainments seen at that house this season. *Lalla Salvini*, as the "bathing girl," is the sensation of the olio. "Chili Con Carne" and "The University Girls," musical travesties, bring out all the talent and "looks" of the company. In the specialties, the *Willie Pantzer Company* in a novel acrobatic act; *Joe Herzog*, *John Adams* and *Thomas Duffy* in an original comedy sketch; *Keely* and *Hawley* in parodies, are enthusiastically received.

Next week: "The Bon-Ton Burlesquers."

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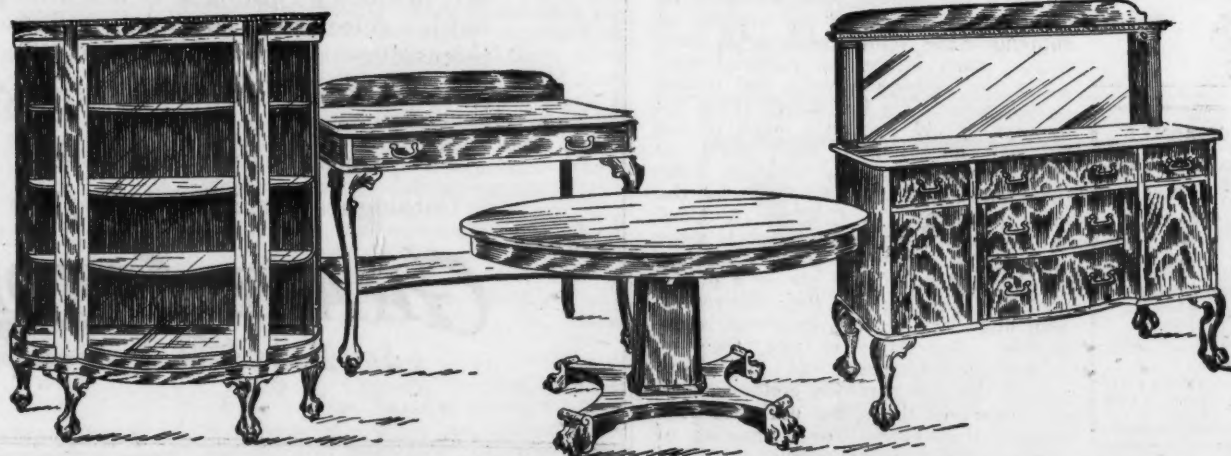
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fully done and staged travesties, by Jack H. Reid, are the big part of the bill given by the Kentucky Belles at the Standard this week. The author, Frank Carroll, and Ella Reid Gilbert score heavily in the leading parts of both skits. In the olio are the novel Wiora Trio in Hungarian dances; the Century Comedy Fout in a new and funny sketch; Andy McLeod in an up-to-date musical monologue; Young Buffalo and Mlle. Marietta in feats of marksmanship.

"The Yankee Doodle Girls" come next.

"The Volunteer Organist," a New England pastoral, written around the temperance laws, a young minister and a tavern-keeper's daughter, is rather meritoriously presented by a painstaking company at the Imperial this week. Marion Ruckert plays the innkeeper's daughter with excellent judgment, and Goldwin Patton is equally satisfying in the role of her minister-lover. Charles Hasty plays the hobo organist with much spirit. There is a church scene in the production in which several soprano solos have been appropriately injected. The singing is done by Master Willie Nelson, James Adams and Lee Dalton.

Next week: Joseph Santley in "Billy, the Kid."

He—"I think modern dress reveals the vanity of the human heart." She—"Oh, I never saw one so décolleté as that."—*London Tartar*.

Music

BY PIERRE MARTEAU.

The Choral Symphony made an effort at the Odeon last week—of that there can be no question. An ambitious programme was presented, a noted soloist, appeared, and Herr Ernst evinced unwonted familiarity with the score of the symphony performed.

That in despite of these favorable conditions, the concert seemed somewhat dull and heavy, is, however, also undeniable. Not that the performance was bad; on the contrary, it had many good points, but it somehow missed fire and fizzled disappointingly here and there.

The tone of the orchestra was generally tenuous, and often strident—more strings are needed to give the fullness to be desired.—Mme. Fremstad reckoned without high notes when she selected her numbers, and Mr. Ernst was, at times, unfortunate in his choice of tempi.

However, for these faults the management is scarcely to blame. The evident intention was to give the society's subscribers a first class, up-to-date concert, with works new to St. Louis, in place of the rehash of old programmes which has heretofore been the custom with the Choral Symphony.

The Strauss symphony in F minor was given in this country for the first time in the early 80's by the Thomas orchestra, but has never before been heard here. It is a fine and impressive

composition from any viewpoint; considered as the work of a youth twenty years of age it is stupifying. This symphony is more formal than the works of what J. W. Henderson calls "the real Strauss," and belongs to the "classic-romantic school of the days of Brahms." The scherzo is delightful, and of instant appeal, and here Mr. Ernst did his best work. The first movement he dragged until it became dreary and boresome.

Mme. Fremstad, whose fame in contralto roles of Wagnerian music drama and Grand Opera is very great, sang *Agathe's* aria from "Der Freischutz," written for lyric soprano, and a group of songs by Rubenstein, Schumann, and Grieg. Her best work was done in the "Maids of Cadiz," sung as an encore to the song group, which she gave with much abandon, and richness of tone. In the aria this eminent singer was disappointing. The music lies too high for her, and the vocal discomfort in evidence caused a kindred feeling in her auditors. It is said that Mme. Fremstad loves, not wisely but too well, the heroic soprano roles of modern opera, and has included in her repertoire all the *Brunhildes*, and in addition Strauss' *Salome*. This would account for the forced, metallic high tones of a voice rich and round in the lower register.

Mr. Ernst was serious, and worked hard. He evidently feels that it is "do or die" with him this season. The rumors that Nahan Franko looks favorably on this city as a field for his work, the

rejection of his opera in Germany, and the probable rakings over given him by the Symphony Society's management have had their effect on the arrogant leader. Mr. Ernst needed badly the hard knocks administered him, and with the salutary effect already noticeable, something worth while may be expected from him later on.

The hall was not full, but the box-holders made a brave showing, though what impression the Strauss Symphony made upon the faithful fashionables is a matter for conjecture.

✱

Union Musical Club.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, arranged as a piano quartet, was the first number of the exceptionally good programme presented by the Union Musical Club at the Odeon Recital Hall Saturday afternoon. This colossal work was played with fine appreciation by Mrs. Robert Atkinson, Mrs. Charles Cale, Miss Alice Pettingill, and Miss Clara Meyer, experienced, reliable pianists, who succeed admirably in the difficult task of preserving correct tone values in ensemble work.

A "Valse Suite," by Gabriel Doucet, was contributed with much suavity by Mr. McNair Ilgenfritz. Miss Laura Boette revealed herself a violinist of ability who was fortunate in having so sympathetic an accompanist as Miss Alma Baier, and the vocal numbers by Mrs. Frank Choiseil and Mrs. Ray Douglas were artistically interpreted.

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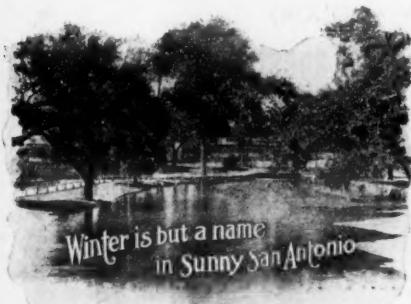
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New Books

So much has been written of the Riviera and its resorts and of the castles and chateaux of France, one would think the subject exhausted. But Francis Miltoun has in two volumes given these ever interesting topics a somewhat new setting forth. In "Rambles on the Riviera," the author has forsaken the beaten path followed by most predecessors and by touring *en automobile* the country beyond has come across much interesting material with which the average traveler and tourist is unfamiliar. He has found along the by ways of old Provence much of the art and civilization of other days. In "Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine and the Loire Country," by the same publisher (L. C. Page & Company) he has produced a much more entertaining volume. Both volumes have something of the air of a guide-book for travelers, but they are replete with historical and topographical information. Especially is this true of "Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine." He has carefully epitomized all the history of the grand old piles of a district that is full of memories of events—love, intrigue, murder, war and peace—that went to make for the solidarity of the France of to-day; a spot where Caesar trod and the Franks fought, where the Maid of Orleans claimed a home, where Catherine de Medici and the Duc de Guise and others of royalty, Louis XIV, and Louis XI, were wont to dwell. The story faithfully depicts the manners and customs of one of the most luxurious periods of life in the France of other days. The feudal castle frowns upon the residential pile almost as forbidding, but more artistic in proportions and furnishings. And each and every one has its niche in history. These volumes might be classed as fit for gift purposes, so attractive are they in appearance and so accessible to the history lover. Blanche McManus contributes the pretty illustrations in both volumes.

Another book which also might come under this classification is Gustav Kobbe's "Famous American Songs." The author handles an old subject with livelier interest, more care and attention to facts than most of his predecessors who have written on the same subject. Every lover of "Home Sweet Home," "Dixie," "America," "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Old Folks at Home" and other patriotic airs, will find in Mr. Kobbe's work much to commend it. He has taken pains to correct several popular errors concerning some of the melodies and the lives of their authors. It is from the Thomas Y. Crowell press of New York.

Two of the most interesting of the ever delectable Mosher reprints for this Christmas season are of the Wilde bibliography. First is, "A House of Pomegranates," a book of those exquisite, tender, brilliant fables which none could write so well as the balladist of Reading Gaol. "The Birthday of the Infanta" is a classic, for its simplicity, for its beauty, for its pathos. The innocence of the little princess only exposes the more terribly the cruelty of the arrangement of the world that made happiness for her and misery and death for the dwarf. So with "The Young King," "The Star Child" and "The Fisherman and His Soul." "The Young King" is Wilde's plea for a better world for those who have little good of this world. In the "Fisherman and His Soul" and "The Star Child," we see the unhappy latter day hedonist at his ideal and idyllic best. The other Wilde book is "Rose Leaf and Apple Leaf," a volume of poems by Rennell, later Sir Rennell, Rodd. The poems are but fair minor stuff. Two or three of them will probably be found in the scrap books made by young people of the later eighties. What saves the book from oblivion is Wilde's splendidly

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generous introduction to the poems, a piece of gem-carved, melliflously cadenced prose, a setting of words with an unique crystalline quality both to eye and ear. It was too generous. Rodd protested against the praise. He protested against Wilde's identifying him with the literary purposes and motives Wilde represented—this was long before Oscar was suspect of mental taint or moral. And yet the poems to which Wilde appended the charming *envoi* bore this dedication: "To Oscar Wilde—Heart's Brother," etc. The book was published in America under Wilde's supervision. Rodd's repudiation of the perfumed praise can hardly be said to have been ungracious, but it was unmistakable. Mr. Mosher, the editor as well as publisher of the reprint, seems to condemn Rodd. It is not clear that the poet was not acting merely in good taste and with good sense, for Oscar certainly did overglow and overflow in praise. Well, Sir Rennell Rodd became a great and noted empire builder of England. Oscar Wilde died an outcast in France. These little poems of Sir Rennell's would have died, too, long ago, but for Wilde's introduction to them. So goes the world—"the bust outlasts the throne, the coin, Tiberius." The prose and the poems give one in the reading an hour of sylvatic pleasure in the melody of words, with a fugue of the pain at the heart of pleasure, the sense of tears in mortal things.

"The Heart That Knows," by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, is an interesting story. It is interesting chiefly to some people because in one or two places epithets usually expressed by four dashes thus — — — — are spelled right out. The heart that knows is the heart of the



little illegitimate boy who finds his father, separated from the boy's mother by the trick of a wicked girl rival of his mother's. Professor Roberts has a breezy stroke in painting the northern shore folk. The clergyman in this book is an attractive portraiture. The deserted unmarried mother and her sufferings, her little boy's struggles with his companions when they call him by the name that is spelled right out, his search in many places for the father, the finding, the understanding of the wrong that drove the father from home,

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the reconciliation—these are racily and even touchingly done. Professor Roberts has some good bits of nature in this book, but not many. Altogether the story is well knit and of a rich economy of words. (Baker-Taylor Co., New York).

“Power Lot” is a rather fanciful story by Sally Pratt McLean Greene. It deals with a bleak country and a bleak people and hard, among whom is thrown a girl of a more blithe pagan temperament. There is a plenitude of character work in the book, but a good deal of the more pretentious literariness of the story is to some tastes, overdone. In fact there are spots in which “Power Lot,” for all its broad character sketching, is pretty difficult reading—difficult enough to seem strange in the author of “Cape Cod Folks” and that matchless darkey lyric, “De Massa ob de Sheepfol’.” Doubtless though, the book will find admirers of the material among those familiar with its locale. (Baker-Taylor Co., New York).

“Kate: A Comedy,” is from the pen of the veteran Bronson Howard. It is a right good comedy too, although the fun in the supposedly broadly comic *Peeler Dimps* is much strained. *Reverend Lord John Vernor*, the ex-guardsmen turned preacher, yet still retaining a little of the world, the flesh and the devil is well drawn. So are the heroine *Kate Hardenbeck*, *Archibald*, *Bianca Dunn* and the others. The comedy turns on the marriage question. *Kate Hardenbeck*, who is to marry *Archibald*, by arrangement between her parents—rich Americans—and the head of the house of Mainwarton—an exchange of cash for a title—well, she talks right out on the subject in a way to startle good sensible people. Marrying without love she thinks to be something more degraded than is manifested by the lower animals. *Lord John* has some blunt views, while little passionate foundling, *Bianca Dunn* has opinions and feelings on the subject that lead her to attempt suicide and finally to have a baby before she is married to *Archibald* who was almost forced by British conventions into a marriage with *Kate*. In the long run *Kate* marries *Lord John*, who first met and loved her at a wicked bal masque at Nice or some place like that. The idea of the comedy is that there's only one excuse for, only one thing that makes necessary, only one thing that sanctifies marriage, and that is love. The comedy as Mr. Howard prints it has some very good lines, but not so many as might be expected in a work from such a veteran as he. In fact, there is a jejune tone about the work; something sophomoric, and the dialogues lack the quality of life. In the reading one gets the effect in spots of much confusion of character. The finale seems to be rather crudely contrived—reading it in a book, though it may work out nicely upon the boards. This denouement seems to be a case of desperate endeavor to attain naturalism, but missing it by very virtue of the too great endeavor. All of which is mere criticism however. The writer of this review read the play through with pleasure in one sitting. Mr. Howard has not published his play in the usual way; that is, with the usual stage directions. He has published it more in novel form. He doesn't write in his scenes as if there were a stage in mind. He describes them briefly, sometimes with the sort of sotto voce humor we find in Bernard Shaw's explanations of motive and motion in the actors. There is no repetition of names and no confusion of change of type, brackets, etc. The little drama unfolds itself straightaway. The comedy is published by Harper & Bros., New York.

“A Shropshire Lad,” by E. A. Housman, is a reprint of a book of verse first issued about seven years ago. And it was worth reprinting, for every poem in it is of remarkably poignant effect produced by the apparently art-

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less simplicity of a youth fresh from the fields. These poems are alive with feeling, ranging from a wistful humor to a Schopenhauerish despair. Only the limpid style preserves them from morbidity. It is a peculiarly vivid and vital sadness that this writer has blent with his almost bare bucolics, a manly heart-hunger that rises above the mere sentimentalities of love. Something of the ache that is hidden in Theocritus is here. A more distinctive and distinguished book of poetry has not come out of great Britain in ten years. Discriminating judges of poetry will find “A Shropshire Lad” full of memorable, unshakable, clinging, quotable verses. (Thos. B. Mosher, Portland, Me.)

In “White Fang” Jack London reverses “The Call of the Wild.” In that a dog went back to wolfdom; in this a wolf graduates into dogdom. It's like the reversal of the cinematograph, running it backwards. The thing is done with rude strength, with rich imagination, with a broad sympathy for animal thinking and feeling, and with many daring generalizations which will startle real naturalists, but delight the sentimentalists. The story fairly bristles with action at the beginning, with savagery and brutality, but appropriately to the theme it tempers down to a nice, mellow, domestic tone at the end, when the evolution of wolf to domestic, kindly dog is done. London is at his best in the story, especially in the swift, breathless, struggling chapters. His

style has the tang of the wild in it. It is racy of the earth, and its bluntness buffets one into acuteness of perception of his argument just as his unexpected delicacies please the reader. No reader can leave the book other than pleased with what it makes plain to him of some of the things in man. This sense that the book is, in a way, an allegory, is not always with the reader, but it is very strong in places and especially at the end, but it is never obtruded. Indeed, it seems unlikely that the allegory is intentional on London's part. “White Fang” is a book of the ferial world that will rank with “The Call of the Wild.” It is one of the few sequels that keep up the quality of the predecessor book. It has grit in it that will grate you into sensitiveness to its rough, strong charm. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

It's quite a relief from the many freak baby-food books for juveniles, to take up and read Mrs. E. Nesbit's charming story, “The Railway Children” (the Macmillan Company of New York.) Mrs. Nesbit writes of children and home-life in its natural and healthy aspect. Her story is told in a fascinatingly, simple style, with an artistic blend of humor and pathos, and it is full of the true paternal and filial feeling. It is all about three children whose father, a government employe, is carried off to jail suspected of selling State secrets to a foreign power, and it tells with what cheerful

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front, though heavy heart, the mother takes up the added responsibilities of the home. But the children are her great assistance in the task. And one day, while strolling along the railroad tracks, near their home, they suddenly become the instruments by which happiness and contentment are restored to mother and home. They come across a landslide, and just in the nick of

time to prevent a disastrous wreck. Their act draws many influential friends to them, and the result is the exculpation and release of their father from prison.

❖

“Famous Actor Families in America,” by Montrose J. Moses, (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York), is at once a source of pleasure to the play-goer and play-

wright, and a worthy contribution to historic and critical literature. If the volume contained nothing more than the exhaustive bibliography of the stage, which covers 35 pages at the end of the work, it would still be worthy to rank as an achievement. The author has gone about his task with a wide acquaintance among the greater lights of the theatrical world, and a

thorough appreciation of the older and sounder traditions of the stage. He has culled bunches of interesting tidbits of reminiscence and anecdote from many authentic sources with which he was in touch, and they lend variety and spice to the work, which is practically a history of the theater in America. The sketches are done with a loving, scholarly care, and in true

literary style. His sketches of the Booths, the Drews, the Barrymores, the Sothorns, Hacketts, Hollands, Wallacks, Boucicauls, Davenport and Powers breathe that suggestion of intimacy always characteristic of the true and correct pen portrait. Each reflects the theater, the artistic and the social side of the subject. The volume has an introductory chapter, "Today and Yesterday," which is a learned look into the past and present of the stage and its people. It discusses the cause of the decline of the art of acting in America—a defense of the old stock company system. The author declares the stage genius of to-day lacks the disciplinary experience of the stock system. Instead of striving to develop into a Forrest, a Booth, a Davenport or Wallack, he must figure on livelihood. He must be prepared to adjust himself at a moment's notice to anything from vaudeville to Shakespeare—as the manager wills.

"The Pumps of Satan," by Edgar Saltus, is a series of essays upon life as it is viewed by a literarian of the very smart set. It is epigrammatic, hectic, cynical, but exhilarating. It is not very moral. The book is full of Mr. Saltus' pose, but it has a style different from our usual copy-book style of essay writing, and its pungency is good for bromides who love the obvious. The essays are to be read for the manner, rather than for their matter, and not all at once, for Mr. Saltus' blase and too consciously contemptuous attitude towards everything but himself becomes irritating, if not wearisome, after a while. (Mitchell Kennerly, New York).

Plow's Thanksgiving Delicacies

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Occasionally they manufacture a good story in London. One of the latest tells of a family passionately devoted to bridge whist which was plunged into mourning by the loss of the father. A discussion arose as to whether the deceased would have chosen to be buried or cremated. The decision was left to the eldest son, who, looking at his mother, said, "I will leave it to you." To which the lady replied: "I make it spades."



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The Stock Market

The central point of discussions in Wall street, latterly, was the ousting of Stuyvesant Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central by E. H. Harriman. In prominent conservative railroad circles, Harriman's high-handed procedure has created a most unpleasant impression. The charges preferred against Fish by the Union Pacific magnate were clearly of a trumped-up character. Fish had violated no binding agreements of any kind. He was ousted for only two specific reasons: to give Harriman control of the Illinois Central, and to punish Fish for having acted contrary to Harriman's wishes in the Mutual Life Insurance investigation. Fish had asked for a thorough insurance investigation and sweeping reforms. Charles A. Peabody, president of the insurance company, and E. H. Harriman, a director, would not agree to Fish's request. The latter subsequently resigned from the directorate. The investigation closely followed. That episode rankled in Harriman's bosom. And he finally got his revenge in the Illinois Central affair, Charles A. Peabody being one of his efficient lieutenants in the disreputable job of ousting Fish.

However, Harriman has not secured complete control. He and his accomplices, including the securities company formed some years ago, do not own a majority of Illinois Central stock. The shares are too widely distributed to permit of any single individual, or coterie of stock gamblers, to acquire control of the magnificent system. Illinois Central has always been one of the few reputable speculative stocks on the list. It has always paid dividends, even in the worst periods of depression. Shrewd and prudent investors made it a habit to pick it up on all declines for "keeps." The shares were never subjected to glamorously violent manipulation on the part of insiders. Fish did not declare dividends or issue financial statements with stock-ticker exigencies in view. He was elected president of the company in 1887, and has left a clean, honorable record behind him. Under his able, conservative and yet progressive management the property has grown enormously. The shares and bonds of the company have first-class standing and are known to investors on both sides of the Atlantic.

Fish's successor, James T. Harrahan, is an experienced and favorably known railroad man. That the property will have a continuation of good management under his regime, cannot be doubted. Harriman's venomous procedure against Fish has been partly atoned for in the choice of a new president. But how about the future of the stock? The answer to this question is not difficult. Harriman will, in the course of time, make Illinois Central just as much of a gambling favorite as Union Pacific common is to-day and has been for two years. An advent of easier money conditions would be signalized by daring manipulation in Illinois Central. Higher dividend rates will surely be established before a long while. Just remember what Harriman did in the

Union Pacific case—declaring a ten per cent dividend on the common stock and then keeping the directors' decision secret for a whole day, so as to enable him and his friends to gather millions of profits on extended "long" lines. The Harriman system of speculation is now well understood in New York and London. If tight money had not intervened shortly after the astounding Union Pacific coup, stock quotations would have risen in a most sensational manner throughout the list.

Call money has advanced to 20 per cent, while time money is mighty scarce at 7 and 8 per cent. Reports are cur-

rent that some prominent commission houses will not accept any buying orders for stocks except for cash. If these reports are true, Wall street bulls must be skating on exceedingly thin ice these days. Last Saturday's bank statement established the third deficit in reserves for the year 1906. This is something unheard of. The first deficit was recorded April 7, and the second September 8. There were three reserve deficits in 1899, but they were recorded in three successive weeks. It is believed in high Wall street circles that about \$30,000,000 of our shares have been returned to us from London. Bank statements, how-

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ever, do not indicate this. Since the last London stock exchange settlement \$36,000,000 has been slashed off the loan item of the New York Associated Banks. This is a financial enigma which no outside critic seems able to solve. The most widely accepted theory is that loans have been shifted to some large interior banks. If that should really be the case, the day of reckoning has merely been postponed for a few weeks.

The money market is out of joint all over the world. Repeatedly has this been said in these columns, but the fact bears emphasised reiteration. All the gold imported and all the doubtful expedients resorted to by the Secretary of the Treasury have so far failed to give any noteworthy relief. It would appear as though the real situation were indeed worse than surface conditions would indicate. Bank statements in New York are constantly and boldly manipulated; the trust companies there taking a leading role in the process. To persistent importunities for help from Wall street, the Secretary of the Treasury has so far given a deaf ear. But it is pretty safe to assume that he will "come down" again in due time. Something or other will have to be done to "preserve business prosperity." The national administration cannot allow Wall street stock market "pools" to upset everything in the country because they find themselves in a deep hole.

The Bank of England is still expected to raise its rate of discount to 7 per cent in the very near future. This exerts a most depressing influence on Continental markets. All investment issues are distinctly weak. After a dazzling rise in Russian 4s came a perpendicular drop of several points. There's fear even of a raise in the official rate of the Bank of France. A further rise in the Bank of England's rate of discount would exert a puissant pull in the New York money market and, doubtless, attract considerable gold to the British center. This is a financial perspective that should be sufficient to put a stop to all bull manoeuvres of a daring sort for the rest of the year.

The American Cotton Oil Co. has declared an annual dividend on its common stock of 2 per cent. In 1905 and 1904 only one per cent was declared. The shares paid 6 per cent in 1901. The American Woolen directors need more capital. They have recommended an increase in the preferred stock from \$25,000,000 to \$35,000,000. The preferred pays 7 per cent dividends.

Local Securities.

Securities in the St. Louis market continue to move dully and narrowly. Only a few issues are mentioned from day to day. United Railways preferred is quoted at 81, and the common at 44½. The demand is small. The 4 per cent bonds are unchanged at 86½ bid, 87 asked.

Bank and trust company shares receive but scant attention. A few firmed up a trifle. Third National is quoted at about 301. Missouri-Lincoln is 131 bid, 133

asked, and 190 is bid for State National. Commonwealth Trust is 322½ bid, 324 asked.

A lot of 10 shares of Consolidated Coal sold at 24. Central Coal & Coke common is 63 bid, 64 asked, with offerings inconsiderable. The bond list is practically unchanged.

Money in St. Louis continues stiff at 6 per cent, with some loans making at 6½ per cent. Drafts on New York are 30 discount bid, 15 discount asked. Sterling exchange is steady at \$4.87. Berlin is 94.75 and Paris 5.19½.

Answers to Inquiries.

P. L.—Rubber common has paid no dividends since 1900. Consider stock a most doubtful proposition at present. Company not very strong, financially.

M. C. R., Newport, Ark.—Would recommend taking profits on Atchison common, with a view to repurchase at a lower level. Indications favor a declining market. It all depends on money conditions.

Trader.—Hang on to your Southern Pacific and buy on a downward scale. Stock not too high. Texas Pacific should be let alone just now.

Two Fast Foot"Ball Games

The interscholastic race and the brilliant work of the St. Louis University team have aroused a keen interest in Rugby football in St. Louis. St. Louis University has shown its capacity to meet any of the crack Western teams. Thus far they have a better record in points scored than any of the big teams East or West. And their play is at once scientific, aggressive, yet characterized by fairness. Right now they have a tough schedule ahead of them, and that after their hard fought contest with the Kansas City Medics. Next Saturday afternoon at Sportsman's Park, they clash with the heavy and fast Drake University eleven, a band that has held Nebraska and Minnesota safe, put it over Haskell, and taken several other equally good teams into camp. Drake is going some right now, but it will have to be "several speeds ahead" to defeat St. Louis University, so Coach Cochem says. But after Drake, on Thanksgiving Day, comes the Iowa University team, a much touted bunch, but with nothing on either Drake or St. Louis University from all accounts. Another contest that takes place Saturday at Sportsman's Park, a game for the Interscholastic championship, is the Central and McKinley High School battle. Adherents of both are taking a keen interest in the probable result.

It was on a suburban train. The young man in the rear car was suddenly addressed by the woman in the seat behind him.

"Pardon me, sir," she said; "but would you mind assisting me off at the next station? You see I am very large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this at three stations."

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An alienist came wandering through an insane asylum's wards one day. He came upon a man who sat in a brown study on a bench.

"How do you do, sir?" said the alienist. "What is your name, may I ask?"

"My name?" said the other, frowning fiercely. "Why, Czar Nicholas, of course."

"Indeed?" said the alienist. "Yet the last time I was here you were the Emperor of Germany."

"Yes, of course," said the other, quickly; "but that was by my first wife."

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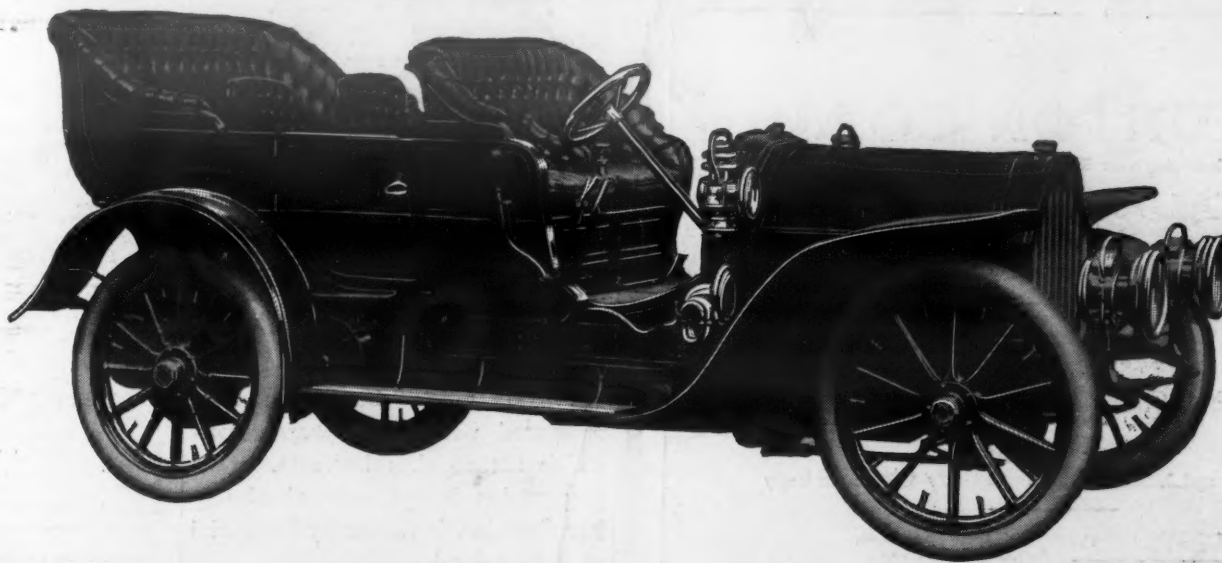
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Irreversible; worm and segment type, in adjustable dust and mud proof case. Steering done on Deutche Waffen Fabrik bearings. Very rakish steering post of large diameter, rigidly supported; steering wheel aluminum spider with Cirassian Walnut wood grip rim.

Axles

One piece chrome nickel steel 1-beam section; pivots and steering knuckles mounted on genuine Deutche Waffen Fabrik bearings.

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All brakes double acting, easily adjusted by hand and equalized; one foot brake on drive shaft and two expanding emergency brakes of large surface acting on rear drive wheel, enclosed in mud and dust-proof case. All brakes very efficient and powerful.

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36 inch wood wheels, 10 spokes front and 12 spokes rear, and running on genuine Deutche Waffen Fabrik bearings of generous dimensions; $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch tire front, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch tire rear; wheel base 115 inch; tread standard 54 inch.

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Two large Parabolens acetylene searchlights; two large side oil lights; on rear signal light and generator. Complete equipment of tools and extra large French horn.

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(23-30 Horse-power inclusive.)			
Demmler, Pope-Hartford	28-30 horsepower	0:54 1-5	
B. Stetsel, Ford	18	1:05 1-5	
R. C. Finucane, Franklin	12	1:10	
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A. V. Hart, Haynes	20	horsepower	1:15 1-5
R. Foote, Franklin	20	"	1:19 3-5
J. N. Heberger, Corbin	24	"	1:21 2-5
Jno. Rauber, Jr., Aerocar	24	"	Drawn
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N. B. Stetsel, Ford	18	"	1:05
Rowe, Royal Tourist	40	"	1:13
Carl W. Stordant, Stoddard-Dayton	40	"	1:17 3-5
(Free for All.)			
Wm. Knipper, Thomas Flyer	60 (stripped)		0:51 4-5
J. P. Grady, Pope-Hartford	28-30 (stripped)		0:51 4-5
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